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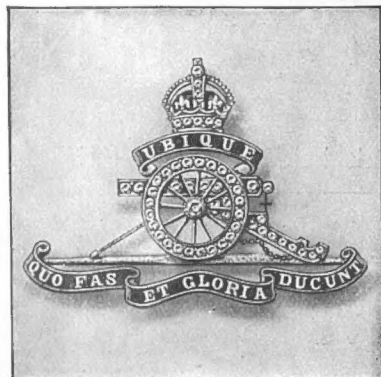
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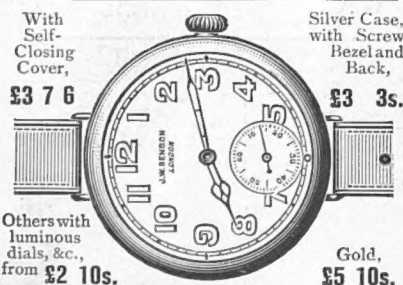
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The Sketch

No. 1202—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



A FAIR MUNITION-WORKER : MISS HARDCASTLE.

Oliver Goldsmith's delightful heroine could scarcely have been more charming than the Miss Hardcastle of whom we give a new portrait. The subject of our picture is the beautiful daughter of the late Mr. Frank Hardcastle, formerly M.P. for West Houghton. She is at present working assiduously in the munitions department of a famous firm of engineers.

Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

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"LADY CONSTANCE PHRYNETTE": IN "L'ENFANT PRODIGE."



Colette O'Neil.

TO BE SEEN IN "L'ENFANT PRODIGE," AT THE KINGSWAY, ON SATURDAY NEXT: LADY CONSTANCE MALLESON.

On Saturday, February 12, the clever lady who has for some time been known in the worlds of literature and art as "Colette O'Neil," and is in private life Lady Constance Malleson, daughter of Priscilla Countess Annesley, and wife of Mr. Miles Malleson, the dramatic author, is to appear at the Kingsway Theatre, as Phrynette, in "L'Enfant

Prodigue." Lady Constance, who has already been seen in the rôle at the Duke of York's on occasion, is the younger of the half-sisters of the sixth Earl Annesley, who was killed while serving in the Royal Flying Corps in 1914, and was a cousin of the present Peer. She was married to Mr. Miles Malleson last year.

Photograph by Yevonde.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

THE "SPECIAL" THAT PASSED IN THE NIGHT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



SOMEbody rang me up on the 'phone this morning and asked if my work would let me lunch out with him and music.

"Work; what work?" I said, puzzled.

"Well, your Soldiers' stuff—"

I hung up the receiver feeling just a little bit surprised and annoyed. Fancy, calling my letters to "yous" work! It had never struck me as such. *C'est un plaisir pour moi!* I always sit down to write to you with a large smile of friendship, and a little sigh of contentment. And your

letters to me are dear things—humorous, whimsical, trustful, brotherly, some flirtatious even!—there are all sorts, and all sorts are pleasant. And though there are so many, I seem to know everyone who writes me. There is Jimmy, and there is Frankie, there is Jack, several Jacks, but all different; and there is Cyril, a particularly charming letter-writer this Cyril I have never seen; and there are Bobs, many Bobs, one quite a chum, yes: you the dreamer Bob in his little Bunk rocked by the sea. And the Evelyns, and the Harries, and the Toms, and initials enough to fill an alphabet twelve times over!

And, by the way, I hope nothing untoward has happened to Tom S. H., who announced a letter that never came? And then there is Captain B. L., who complains that though he wrote me "millions of letters," I have never acknowledged them. So sorry *mon Capitaine*—but don't you think, perhaps, "millions" is a slight exaggeration; and here are my good wishes to you. I do think it is hard luck to come up to town for eight days after spending eight months at the Front, and then down with the German measles! Yes, it's rough on one, even though one's pyjamas are pale-blue silk! Cheer-ho, and let me know how nurse is! (and you, too, of course!)

And apropos of silk pyjamas, one of "yous" who is billeted in a farm says that his blankets are of coarse camel-hair, and sheets

And I was inclined to smile at "yous" for being sybarites!

And let me say again that because I do not acknowledge all your letters, it does not mean that I don't get them, or that I don't read them, nor enjoy them. I enjoy them hugely. In fact, I foresee that when the war is over and you'll have come back to your usual occupations—to Her, your Club, and your habits, and have forgotten Phrynette, I'll miss you sorely, in spite of the fact that you have hopelessly compromised me in the eyes of the postman!

Now, just a few words to the young man who wants "to get *The Sketch* twice a week." Have you written to the office,

asking them to issue a special extra copy for you? Seriously, now; you say, "Phrynette, may the corners of your mouth never grow down!" Thank you, *Camarade*; and may yours turn up once more! I think it is sweet of you to take me into your confidence. I can't answer your letter fully as I would like to, but, believe me, I feel very sympathetic. Cheer-ho, too. You'll meet the real golden girl yet—there are many true and tender women left, you know; as many as there are callous coquettes, and perhaps more!



"The Colonel's wife raised her lorgnette. . . .
The Subs stared with delight. . . ."

I am rather pleased with myself. Since I wrote admiringly on the new domestic tendencies of the day (I put it at the singular because fashions are often sufficient unto the twelve hours!) a young Peeress is being seen everywhere with her young infant in her arms: you have no idea what a social success she is!—made such a fuss of! The mother of the Gracchi is not in it! All her women friends are green with envy at not having thought of it first, and even those who haven't babies are thinking better of it! A real baby beats Pekingese or lemurs, or even geckoes! Because none of these can be befrilled and beautified, while the family lace looks so magnificent on baby's cloak! And then there are so many flattering comparisons drawn between mother and child that can't possibly be between however charming a monkey and its mistress! Shy admirers may express, unrebuked, all their admiration—"Oh, what a sweet baby! what a darling nose, quite like yours, dear Lady Gertrude! and what a sweet Cupid's bow of a mouth! Isn't baby the very image of its mother? What eyes! What complexion! What—!"

There's only one drawback to this touching baby-show—there has to be a nurse always in attendance within ear-shot, and look-shot; and, oh! awkward, very!—those people are so tactless, don't you know!

I know many of "yous" who would have liked to be in my shoes on Sunday night, though, perhaps, they might have pinched a bit! The Imp and I went to an At Home given by *gentille* Gina Palerme, whom "yous" have clapped so often at the Palace. And it was quite an adventure. When I spoke of the miraculous intuition of taxi-drivers the other day, I should have touched wood! You see, I don't know geography, so I trusted entirely to the taxi-man to find Maida Vale. I thought Maida Vale had a sylvan sound,



"Not sketches for an Academy picture, but just black-and-white designs for a housemaid's dress!"

are but a remembrance; "but with silk pyjamas (delicate lilac and pink) it's very comfy. And there's rather a fashion in them here, chiefly because the mice, which like wool to chew, don't seem to like silk!"

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SMALL TALK



TO MARRY MR. JAMES JOSEPH KINGSTONE: MISS DOROTHY CONSTANCE HARDY.

Miss Hardy is the elder daughter of Major Edwin Greenwood Hardy, of Lathford, Wincanton, Somerset, and 7, Onslow Gardens, S.W. Mr. Kingstone is Adjutant, Queen's Bays, and is the only son of the late Mr. W. J. Kingstone, and Mrs. Kingstone, of Broomsgrove, Milton Lilborne, Wilts.

Photograph by Swaine.

minster way whether the father of a family should join up with the Riskiest Arm.

"They Say—!" Mrs. Asquith's candle-shade motto, sold at the Three Arts Club, is characteristic. "They say. What say they? Let them say"—there you have a tone with which all her friends are familiar. She does not mind the things that are said—or rather, she minds them only to the point of saying she doesn't mind. The usual rule of total disregard of the under-current of ridiculous tittle-tattle does not hold good with the Lady of Downing Street. She has enough of the fighting spirit in her to be always letting the insignificant crowd know she thinks it insignificant—though not quite insignificant enough to ignore.

A Defence. They are saying, by the way, quite a lot of unfriendly things about the Granby wedding—which, of course, is another way of saying unkind things of the Asquith circle. The almond-blossom—which, after all, is not so luxurious as orchids—has incensed the economists, who seem apt to confuse

THE joke against the Hon. Francis McLaren in the House is his boyishness: he looks too young even to nurse a constituency, much less to cut a quite respectable and elderly figure in Hansard. Anyhow, it behaved the Boy to do something rather more adventurous than the usual Parliamentary soldiering, and, finding his duties in the R.N.V.R. somewhat mild, he got a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, and qualified as Flight-Lieutenant. For the other side of the picture you must go to Smith Square, where Francis McLaren is regarded as a father of boys rather than the Boy. It is much debated round Lutyens' firesides down West-

be called for the defence of the people who spend, and we must not forget that the public itself contributes its half-pennies and sixpences to the support of that world when, indirectly, it hires the Press photographers to be in attendance outside the church.

Pin-Money and Profits.

It would be almost as reasonable to attack the Granby group for closeness. Certainly, it managed to be extraordinarily picturesque without any very great show of costliness. Why not attack Lady Diana for designing the bridesmaids' dresses herself? She could, if she would, make good money out of her talents, and one way of disarming the critics

would be to prove a profit on her dressmaking accounts for the year. If she made a suitable charge whenever her girl friends availed themselves of her suggestions, and carried through their work for them instead of sending them on to a grateful professional, she would be free of one carping fraternity, but would be up against another—the dressmakers.

The Saving Grace.

Talking of economies, Queen's Gate was the scene, the other day, of a little homily. At Mrs. White's beautiful house people gathered together to listen to a lady who, having been through the mill, was able to give points to her less austere sisters. "I assure you," she said in effect, "I assure you there is very little hardship in travelling in taxis, if you only persevere. Give up your motors and try." On the servant question her advice was that great sums—say, from £5 to £10 per week—could be saved, and a sufficiency of maids remain!

Areas and Ankles.

Mrs. White's house, by the way, is from the outside one of the most satisfactory to look upon in London, for the reason that it has no area. It rises straight from the pavement, instead of seeming to be undermined by servants' quarters. Although built many years ago, you see its ankles, so to speak, as if it were planned according to the latest fashion in petticoats. And in houses, as in women, an appearance of stability is a most becoming virtue. There you have, too, the secret of a comforting look of strength in the British soldier. He looks

twice as firm-footed when he puts on puttees instead of trousers, which obscure his foundations just as the area and its railings obscure the uprising of the ordinary town dwelling.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN TREVOR O. WILLIAMS: MISS PHYLLIS MARY AGNEW.

Miss Agnew is the only daughter of the late Mr. Walter Agnew, and Mrs. Agnew, of 7, Bryanston Square, W. Captain Trevor Williams is the only surviving son of the late Sir (Arthur) Osmond Williams, first Baronet, of Castell Deudraeth, Merionethshire.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



ENGAGED TO LT. S. HAMMERSLEY: MISS G. OLLERENSHAW.

Miss Ollerenshaw, who resides at Mere Hall, Cheshire, is engaged to Lieutenant S. Hammersley, of St. Anne's and Oldham, who is in the East Lancashire Regiment.

Photograph by Sarony.



A FAMOUS GOLFER WHO IS A MUNITION WORKS FOREWOMAN: MISS E. GRANT-SUTTIE.

Few ladies are better known or more popular in the world of women golfers than Miss E. Grant-Suttie, but to-day she has given up sport for war-work, and is forewoman in a munitions factory where over a thousand women are employed. Our photograph shows her in her working-garb.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT EDWARD NOEL CLIFTON: MISS NANCIE VERA NICOLSON.

Miss Nicolson is the daughter of Mr. James Nicolson, of Hampstead, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Gibson, of Edinburgh. Lieutenant Clifton, Coldstream Guards and Royal Flying Corps, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton, of 12, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

rarity with extravagance. Kathleen Tennant and Lord Granby were, confessedly, a rare couple, and their friends got out the family emeralds and robed themselves becomingly in their honour. To see Lady Anglesey's small girl dressed all in ermine may have been a sight to gladden the hearts of the critics; but to pounce upon such a detail is ridiculous unless there is going to be a court of inquiry into the ermine's provenance, with the furrier who probably cut it down from one Anglesey size to another for witness. A whole world of such trade witnesses, from furriers to photographers, could



A WELL-KNOWN LADY GOLFER WHO IS ENGAGED: MISS C. BOYD.

Miss Boyd is the well-known golfer, holder of the ladies' record at Westward Ho! Her engagement to Lieutenant Anthony Lionel Yea Dering, King's Own Scottish Borderers, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel E. W. W. Dering, and of Mrs. Edgar Dering, of Instow, is announced.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

VERY MUCH IN COURT CIRCLES: A CHARMING PERSONALITY.

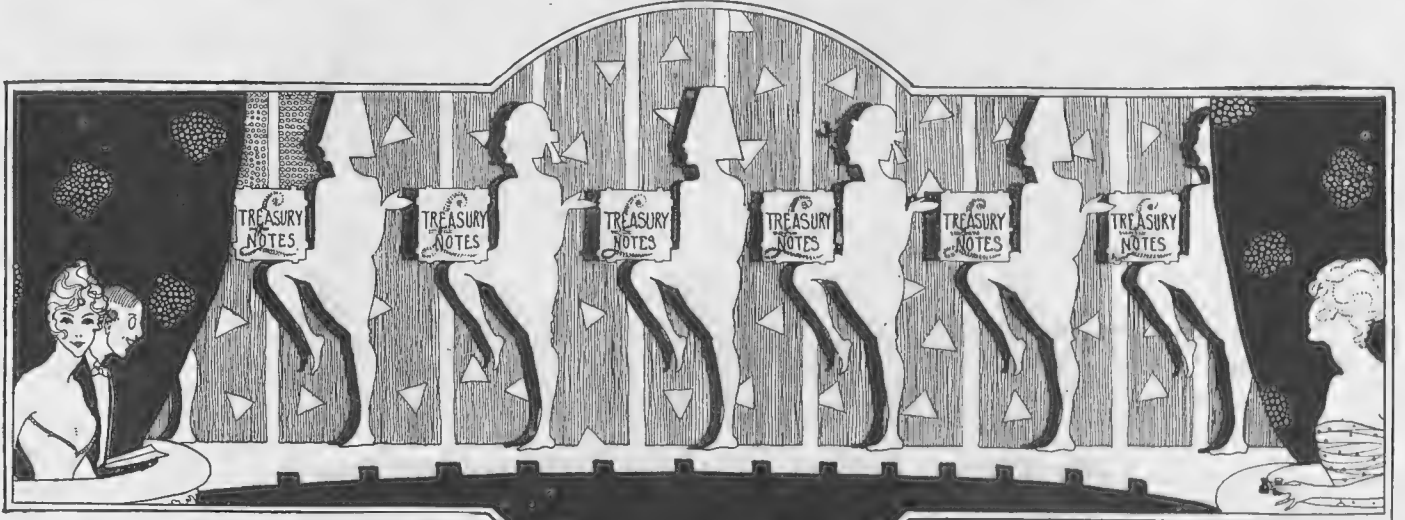
ONLY DAUGHTER OF AN EXTRA EQUERRY-IN-WAITING TO KING GEORGE AND A WOMAN OF THE BEDCHAMBER
TO THE QUEEN: MISS VERA DUGDALE.

Miss Vera Dugdale, as she is commonly called, although her names are actually Victoria Mary Enid Anne, is the only daughter of Colonel Frank Dugdale, Equerry-in-Waiting to the Queen and an Extra Equerry-in-Waiting to the King, and Lady Eva Dugdale, who was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen (when Princess of Wales) from 1893

until 1901; became a Woman of the Bedchamber in 1901; held that position until 1910; and was then re-appointed. Lady Eva is the only sister of the Earl of Warwick. Colonel Dugdale, who holds the Territorial decoration, is the Commanding Officer of the Warwickshire Yeomanry.—[*Photograph by Alice Hughes.*]

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MORALS OF MACKENZIE: REVUES THAT MIGHT BE!





THE CLUBMAN

SOME FALSE ECONOMIES & ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL: WHAT ECONOMY IS NOT.

A Fat Quail. One of the questions that people are asking each other now is, "What luxuries do you intend to give up?" "Fat quails," was the answer of one gourmet to whom the question was addressed, and he justified his abandonment of this luxury by saying that quails took up a good deal of room on board ship, and that this room would be better occupied by cheaper and more sustaining food. There are two sides to every question, and I ventured to point out that the quails brought in crates to England are not fat quails, and that there is a very considerable industry in the East End of London in the fattening of quails for the market. Most of the luxuries of the dinner-table are produced in England, and a determination to give up oysters, for instance, on the part of all clubmen, though it might be a saving in money spent, would be a heavy blow to Whitstable and Colchester and the fishing fleets of small boats engaged in the dredging industry. To forswear grouse and partridges and pheasants in the coming autumn would be to cut off a source of food-supply which is just as useful as are the chickens and the other winged things the farmers send to market.

A Linen Famine.

I am told that we must expect a linen famine in the immediate future, and that men of all degrees must be content to wear cotton or woollen shirts and to sleep between cotton sheets. To cotton sheets I have no objection whatever, for during the many years that I was in India and the Far East the sheets I used were all of cotton, and I like the unstarched cotton shirts that are part of everybody's kit in hot climates. What I shall miss if a linen famine comes is the pleasure of the feel of good damask under one's hands at a dinner-table and the pleasure of spreading a heavy linen napkin over one's knees. People who have not given some thought to the matter do not realise how much good linen and good glass, good silver and good china increase one's appreciation of a good dinner. A dirty cotton table-cloth or a damp napkin would spoil the enjoyment of the best dinner in the world.

Bark Bread.

In Leipsic a firm is advertising wood meal as a substitute for the ordinary meal. The nutritious value of wood was known in England and Ireland in the days when we had famines in the land, and I remember that my nurse, an old woman, used to tell me when I was a small boy how she remembered that people in the days of great scarcity of food used to eat bread made from the bark of trees. No doubt, the sap that runs up through the bark must have nutritious qualities, but I hope that good white bread will never be classed amongst the luxuries that we must give up, and that we shall not follow the example of young horses and gnaw the bark of juicy trees.

Is Cake a Luxury? Quite a number of men in the clubs to-day who are not spending more money than is necessary on their food eat a slice of cake and drink a glass of sherry in place of the mid-day meal. To them the question of "Is cake a luxury?" will be almost as important a matter as it is to-day in the nurseries and school-rooms. No doubt the currants and the

caraway-seeds and the sugar that go into a cake have to be imported; but though very rich cakes should, I think, come under the head of luxuries, the plain cake of the nurseries and schoolrooms and the club buffets may, I think, escape by being classified as bread. And plain biscuits also seem to me to have a right to exemption. The various forms of little sweet biscuits and preserved fruits that are served at dessert-time are, I think, luxuries. And what about the "bombes" and other elaborate ices?

Pity the Poor Florists.

The Government has evidently made up its mind that flowers in flower-beds are luxuries, for the various parks under County Council control are not to be adorned with flowers this summer, and no purchases of bulbs have been made. Already I know of one club that is following the Government's lead, and has decided that its

little garden and the flower-boxes in its windows shall be bare until the conclusion of the war. No doubt, other clubs will also take a hint from the Government; but if they do, we shall before long hear a bitter cry from the florists and the seed-merchants that they are being ruined, that they have done as much for their country in sending men to the front as any other trade, and that they should be given a fair share of public support. And their argument will be a difficult one to meet.

The Tailors Too.

The first thing the ordinary clubman does when he gives his mind to a reduction of expenses is to go through the list of clubs of all kinds, masonic lodges, societies, and institutions to which he is an annual subscriber, and to think which are the banker's orders he has given that he can most conveniently cancel. I have no doubt that every club, every institution, and I am afraid every charity, has had this year to record a very long list of resigning members or missing subscriptions. The next thought of the ordinary man is as to a reduction of his tailor's and haberdasher's and his bootmaker's bills. Khaki

during the past year has kept the tailors well at work, though my own tailor assures me that he has made very little profit out of his soldier customers—and nine out of ten men who go to a good tailor are soldiers to-day. I imagine that boots wear out quicker in France and Flanders than they do at home. To judge from the foot-wear shown in the windows of all the boot-makers in the West End, I gather that they are making military riding-boots and marching-boots and gaiters, and that neat foot-wear for London use is a drug in the market. Our Guardsmen at home still wear mufti at certain times of the day; many soldiers on leave change into plain clothes as a relief from the perpetual wear of khaki, and there are "indispensables" in civil life and the elderly men and the boys whose clothes require occasional renewing, and who will do their share in keeping the tailors and the boot-makers going until the war is over. I do not see how we men can retrench much more than we are doing in what we wear unless we go back to primeval times and adopt a costume of woad and the skins of wild beasts.



A MARQUESS AS PRIVATE: THE MARQUESS OF BUTE (X) ON THE MARCH WITH THE INNS OF COURT O.T.C.

John Crichton-Stuart, fourth Marquess of Bute, who was born in June 1881, has joined the Inns of Court Officers' Training Corps as a private. He succeeded to the title in 1900, and is Hereditary Sheriff and Coroner, and Lord-Lieutenant of County Bute, Honorary Colonel of the 4th Highland Brigade, R.G.A., and Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle. In 1905, he married Augusta Mary Monica, daughter of Sir (Alan) Henry Bellingham, fourth Baronet. He has four sons and two daughters. His eldest son, the Earl of Dumfries, was born in August 1907. He is a great landowner. One of his brothers, Lord Ninian Crichton-Stuart, M.P., was killed at the front not long ago.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

"NO NICKEL-PLATED SUNSHINE"! CUB; AND "GLAD RAGS."



ALASKAN INCOMPATIBILITY: THE CUB (MISS MADGE TITHERADGE) AND HER HUSBAND (MR. CHARLES GLENNEY).



THE TIGER'S CUB USES HER TEETH: FOUR-ACE BILL FINDS HIS ILL-GOTTEN BRIDE NOT ALTOGETHER ACCOMMODATING.



THE CUB KICKS OFF THE "GLAD RAGS WITHOUT A TOP": FOUR-ACE BILL GETS A SORE HAND THROUGH TRYING TO MAKE HIS BRIDE DON SOME DÉCOLLETÉE FINERY FOR HIS GRATIFICATION.

Weird Alaskan slang and full-blooded melodrama are leading features of Mr. George Potter's new play at the Garrick, "Tiger's Cub," which is remarkable also for the fine acting of Miss Madge Titheradge as the Cub and Mr. Charles Glenney as her villainous husband. The scene is laid in an Alaskan mining-camp. Bill Slark, otherwise known as "Four-Ace Bill," has cheated one Colonel Summers out of a mine over a game of faro, and his accomplice, "The Tiger," has murdered the Colonel. Bill agrees to part with half the swag in exchange for the Tiger's supposed

"Cub," who is forced to marry him. But she proves, in her own phrase, "no nickel-plated sunshine round the home when I'm rattled," and when Bill tries to make her put on some "glad rags," she kicks them off and bites him. She is saved from the hated embraces of her husband by young David Summers, who has come out to seek his father's murderer. While David and Bill fight, Bill is shot by a discarded mistress. David is tried for murder and acquitted, and the Tiger "hits the trail for the boneyard" by being strung up to the nearest tree.

CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

LORD BUTE is a man who would always rather take orders than give them, just as he would rather listen to the worst of speeches than make one. When he has consented to open a bazaar, he has taken care that it should happen right away at some such place as Cupar in Fifeshire; and at the few dinners he has favoured with oratory friendly Highlanders have surrounded him. The most comfortless thing you can tell a shy man is that he is shy; and, anyhow, the word does not fit Lord Bute's case satisfactorily. Like many another man who is not exactly shy, he was satisfied that he was not cut out for an officer's job until he had gone through the mill as a private.

Getting in the Inns. Members of the Inns of Court O.T.C. will, however, be inclined to smile at the heroics of some of the paragraphs about the hardships of the Marquess's life as a plain Tommy. One of the chief trials of the Inns of Court man is the preliminary examination, when you line up with a number of

between Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, outside the walls, the passer-by hears the sharp word of command, and



AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN: LADY WIMBORNE AND HER DAUGHTERS.

Lady Wimborne, whose portrait, with her daughters, the Hons. Rosemary and Cynthia Guest, we give, is working assiduously for the war, and interests herself actively in everything which is done for the benefit of our troops in Ireland; and she also organised and equipped a Hospital Corps for Serbia last year. Her Excellency, was, before her marriage, in 1902, the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of the second Baron Ebury.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

the tread of a hundred or two incipient officers. Those high walls have, in the memory of man, enclosed nothing but silence; pigeons and barristers, and a few dilettante lodgers with an eye for the picturesque, have held their quiet sway, and now it is the spot where the least assertive of Peers must learn to be noisy and raise his voice. But the "hardships" of his lot, such as they are, will not last long.

Miss Muriel Wilson. Miss Muriel Wilson has secured one of the most interesting of war-letters—from her brother—and she did well to give it so freely to the Press. A daughter of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, she has always been extremely popular in her own set, and extremely useful both in and out of it. Her fine talent as an actress, besides being put to many charitable uses, raised the standard of private theatricals at a time when the amateur threatened to be something of a bore at country-houses. Chatsworth was the scene of her chief triumphs.

Not in Her Part.

Once, on the way to Chatsworth, just as she had settled into her corner and taken out her part to make sure she had it by heart, there was a scurry on the station platform, and a belated passenger flung himself on to the foot-board. He slipped, however, and would have fallen disastrously—the express was already going fast—if an



A NEW LADY OF GRACE: LADY PHILIPPS.

Lady Philipps, who has just been appointed a Lady of Grace of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, is the wife of Sir Owen Cosby Philipps, K.C.M.G., brother of Lord St. Davids. Lady Philipps was, before her marriage, Miss Mai Alice Magdalen Morris, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Morris, of Coomb, Carmarthenshire. Sir Owen himself is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

applicants and are led to believe till the last moment that you haven't a ghost of a chance of passing. You feel smaller and smaller as you pass from one stage to another, and the examination aims at your moral well-being as well as your physique. "Why haven't you joined up before?" is the new question that stumps many applicants, and if the answer is merely that of a slacker it seems to tell against you as much as a weak knee. Lord Bute attends the drills in the pleasantest of all drill-grounds,



A NEW LADY OF GRACE: LADY MURIEL PAGET; WITH HER DAUGHTERS.

Lady Muriel Paget, who has long been known for her philanthropic efforts in many directions, and especially during the war, has been appointed a Lady of Grace of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Lady Muriel is the wife of Sir Richard Arthur Surtees Paget, of Oldfallings Hall, Wolverhampton, and was known before her marriage as Lady Muriel Finch-Hatton, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

Photograph by Lafayette.



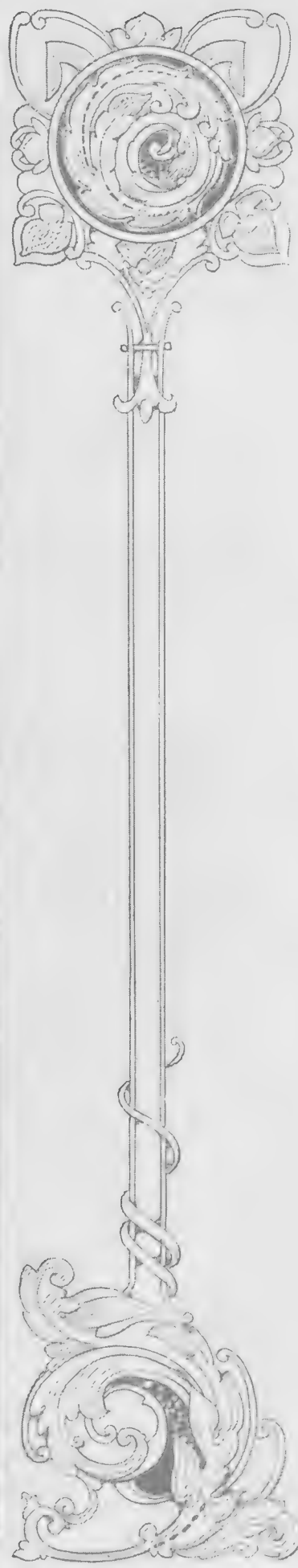
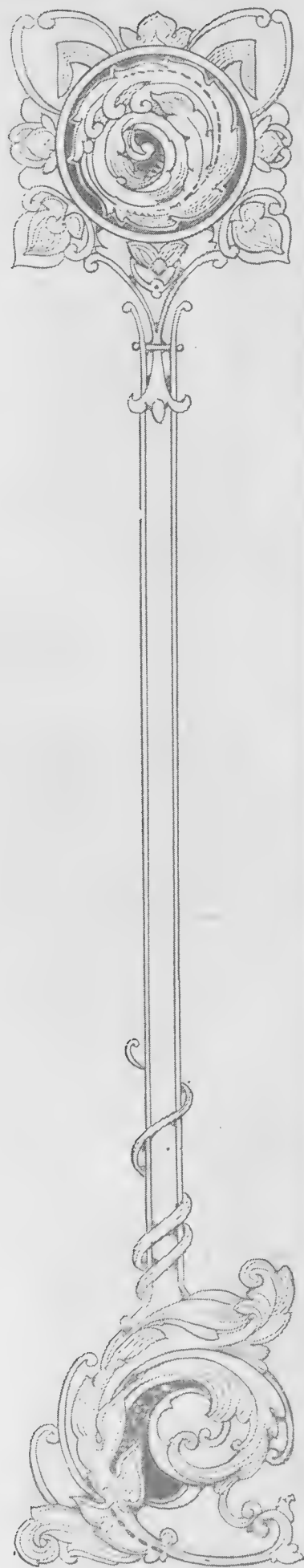
WIFE OF A "RAISER" OF SHARPSHOOTERS: THE HON. LADY (ABE) BAILEY.

The Hon. Lady (Abe) Bailey was, before her marriage to the wealthy Sir Abe Bailey, in 1911, as his second wife, the Hon. Mary Westmore, daughter of the fifth Baron Rossmore. Sir Abe, who did fine service for the Empire in the South African War, is now raising a company of sharpshooters for service on the Western front. Lady Bailey has a little daughter, who was born in 1913.

Photograph by Lafayette.

arm had not darted out of the window, and held him. Miss Wilson's grip is strong; she comes of a hunting stock; she held her man up until the train was stopped and he was rescued. It was a fine piece of impromptu "business," characteristic of Wilson readiness. Of all the parts she ever played, she never, in that man's estimation, played a better. The same night, they say, she was seeking to destroy the man she had saved, he being the Chatsworth Villain.

A "PIONEER" POET - DRAMATIST : "DELPHINE GRAY."



AUTHOR OF "THE CONFERENCE" : LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE, AUNT OF EARL DE LA WARR.

Among the band of poets of to-day the grace and ideality of whose work never fail to command admiration, a well-known personality is that of Lady Margaret Sackville, whose play, "The Conference," was fixed for production by the Pioneer Players on Sunday last. Lady Margaret, who is a sister of the late and aunt of the present Earl de la

Warr, has been known for some years as a writer of graceful poems, rich in imagination and originality of thought, and charming in expression. For a time, Lady Margaret was known as a writer only as "Delphine Gray," but it was not long before many were aware who the clever author was.—[Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.]

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"SPECIALITIES" IN FACIAL IMITATION: "SHELL-OUT" GRIMACES.



IN WISTFUL MOOD: MISS BELLE ASHLYN, WHO GIVES SOME FACIAL IMITATIONS AT THE COMEDY.



WE LIKE HER AS HERSELF "BEST OF ALL": MISS BELLE ASHLYN IN A GOWN AS RADIANT AS HER FUN.



ODDSFISH! MISS BELLE ASHLYN MAKING A "SHELL-OUT" MOUTH IN IMITATION OF THE FINNY TRIBE.



A LITTLE LESS THAN BELLE AND MORE THAN ASHLYN: ONE OF A SERIES OF FACIAL IMITATIONS.



SOME LIP-TWISTER: MISS BELLE ASHLYN AS SHE MOBILISES HER MOBILE MOUTH IN "SHELL-OUT."

The second edition of "Shell-Out!" the bright and cheery revue at the Comedy, contains some excellent new items. Among these is one entitled "Specialities" in which Mr. Billy Gould and Miss Belle Ashlyn (Mrs. Gould) co-operate, to the great amusement of the audience. Miss Ashlyn twists her mobile mouth into contortions in a series of facial

"imitations" of various actresses and other victims, including a fish. Happier still is her skit on Miss Doris Keane's performance in "Romance", in another scene called "Necromance," in which she is supported by Mr. Billy Gould, Miss Amy Augards, Mr. George Manton, Mr. Tom Shale, and others.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.]

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE" AND "RED SEAL"



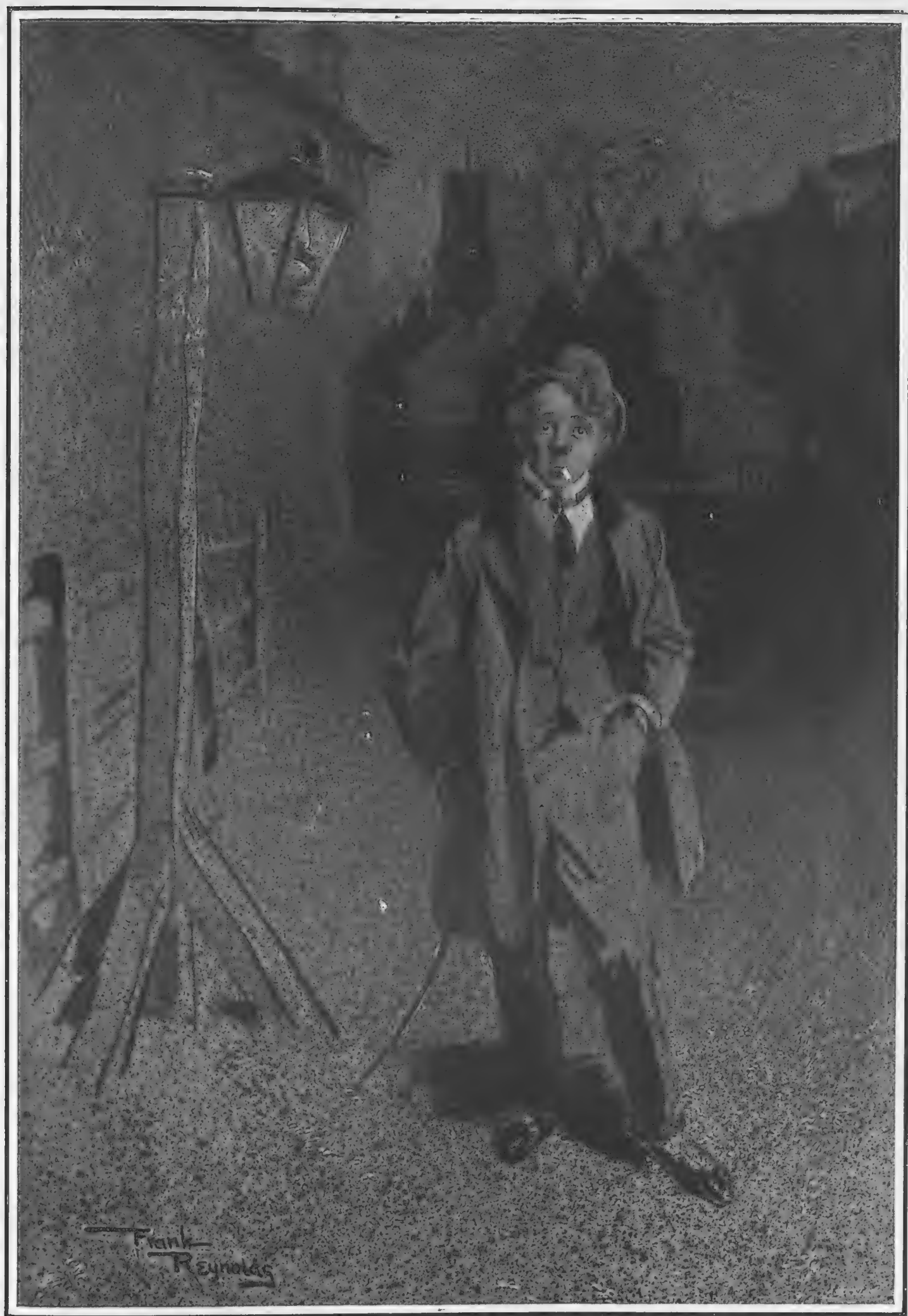
MONTAGUE TIGG (Martin Chuzzlewit).

SCOTCH WHISKIES

"In aid of the Red Cross Society."

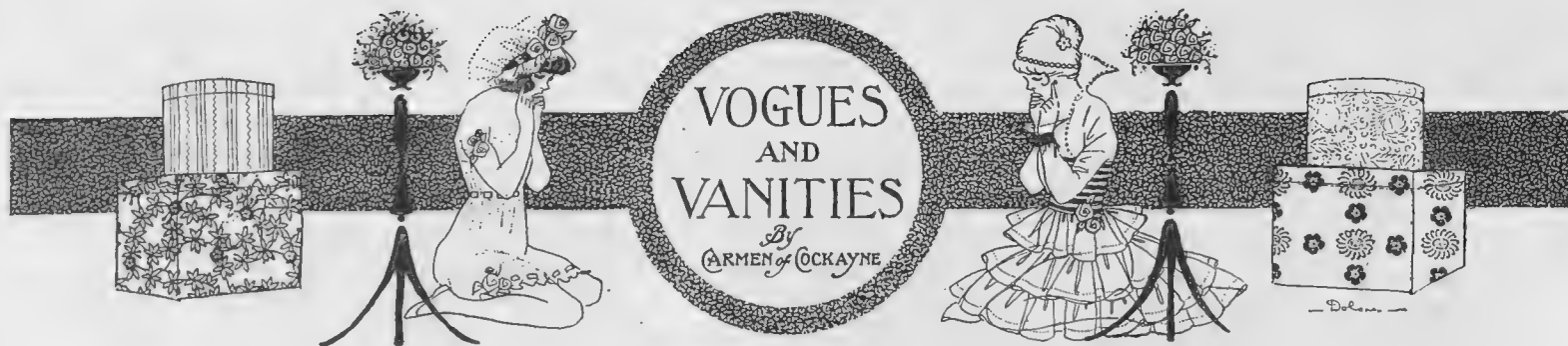
Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at 5/- the portfolio, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society. These studies can be obtained on application at the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

A DARK OUTLOOK.



THE COCKNEY YOUTH (*a visitor to our village on a Sunday evening*): Well, this is a bloomin' 'ole!
No life—no gals—an' if there was any they couldn't see yer.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



Daisies pied and violets blue,
Spring is coming, new modes too.

The Shadow of Spring.

Spring, no less than fashion, has her whims. By the calendar many days must elapse before her existence is officially recognised, but already her genial presence has been felt. Fashion, like a wise general, is always prepared for every event, and, suiting the deed to the weather, has already ordered the advance guard of her new army into action. In plain English, a goodly contingent of the early spring models have arrived in London, and modish secrets, so jealously guarded while January and the "sales" were in progress, are secrets no longer.

It will be some time yet before the fur coat is definitely ousted and the winter frock banished from the street; but, after all, where clothes are concerned it is not a bad plan to make haste slowly just now, for, spring's precocity notwithstanding, plenty of wintry days lie ahead, and there is nothing like a dank, raw February day for taking the shine, so to speak, off a new spring turn-out.

The Long-Lived Ankle.

The most implacable critic of fashion will find nothing at which to "grouse" in the new styles, which, after all, are very much like those we have been seeing for some months past, for La Mode seems to have adapted herself to war-time conditions in a most wonderful way, and, comparatively speaking, her demands are modest in the extreme. In fact, the only people likely to be disappointed are the prophets who joyously fore-

This velvet stole gives the pelerine effect for which some prophesy popularity.

told the disappearance of the ankle and those who believed them. Understandings, it seems, are not by any means to be taken for granted. If they do not proclaim their presence quite so unblushingly as heretofore, they do not, at any rate, mean to efface themselves under a bushel—or rather, as in this case, behind the protecting folds of the long skirt. There may be a decided increase in length later, but for the moment the downward tendency is confined chiefly to afternoon or restaurant frocks, and even they leave the female ankle fully *en évidence*. As for the tailor-mades, they seem bent on maintaining their already well-earned reputation for perfect frankness.

Small Points—But Important.

But though the silhouette remains much the same, there are a number of changes which, if not of supreme apparent importance, yet serve to mark the difference between the latest frock and its wintry brother. Deep Quaker collars, fuller sleeves, the revival of the waistline in its natural position or the near neighbourhood thereof, a change in the line of the corsage, an added fullness in the skirt—these are some of the innovations introduced in the new spring gowns. The advent of farthingales, hoops, and bustles has been lightly discussed these many months. Hoops; indeed, in a modified form have already made their bow to the public. It is now the turn of the bustle and the farthingale. But these two much-abused objects are by no means a return to the atrocious encumbrances of Elizabethan and

Victorian days. Additional fullness requires, of course, additional support. In the one case it is supplied by hoops of whalebone over the hips; in the other by an elongated arrangement of buckram frills arranged beneath the skirt—not exactly a bustle, but very near it.

A New Feeling for Colour.

Another and a rather welcome change is the introduction of touches of rather vivid colour into an otherwise rather sombre dress. Sober shades are still in favour—necessarily so, for the dye question, apart from other considerations, makes the provision of coloured materials in any great quantity almost an impossibility. But bright collars, emphatic ceintures, gay corsage bouquets, and half-a-dozen other devices are employed by dressmakers and tailors to supply the enlivening touch of lightness and brightness which the coming of spring and the expectation of sunshine to come seem to demand.



Outdoor hats are tall, and the boudoir cap follows suit.

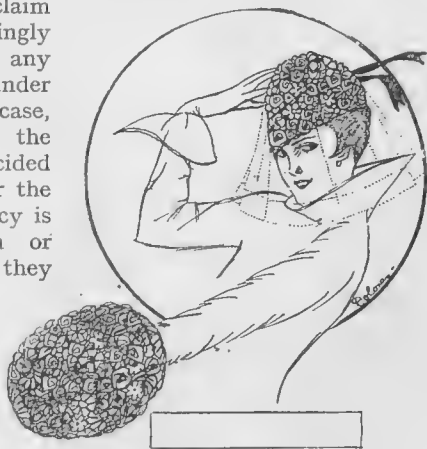
coat preserves the harmony of the general scheme.

The Insurgent Petticoat.

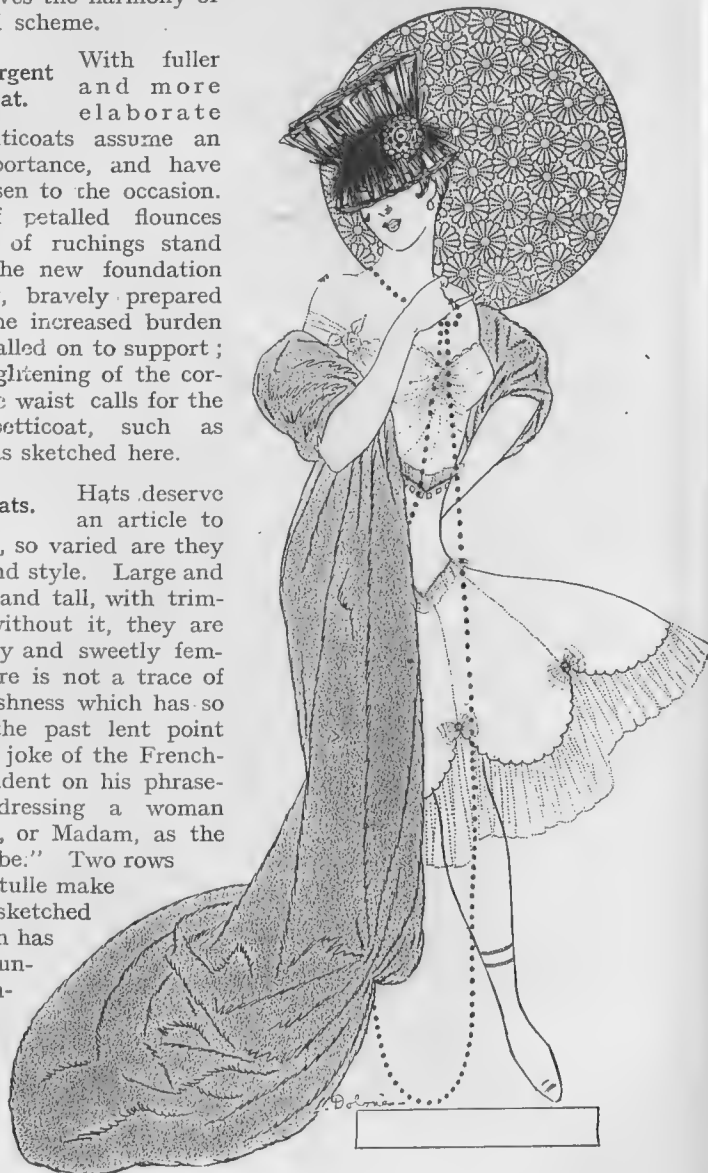
With fuller and more elaborate skirts, petticoats assume an added importance, and have literally risen to the occasion. Billows of petalled flounces and yards of ruchings stand off from the new foundation under-skirt, bravely prepared to bear the increased burden they are called on to support; and the tightening of the corsage at the waist calls for the corselet petticoat, such as Dolores has sketched here.

New Hats.

Hats deserve an article to themselves, so varied are they in shape and style. Large and small, flat and tall, with trimming or without it, they are all perfectly and sweetly feminine; there is not a trace of the mannishness which has so often in the past lent point to the old joke of the Frenchman (dependent on his phrase-book) addressing a woman with, "Sir, or Madam, as the case may be." Two rows of pleated tulle make up the hat sketched here, which has a rather unusual trimming—a gun-metal "feather." The flower toque is another and an essentially spring-like revival.



The joy of spring is in this flower toque with its fluttering ribbons and muff to match. The circular veil is quite new.



The charm of crêpe-de-Chine allied to crisp tulle is the charm of this petticoat. The hat shows what two rows of pleated tulle can do.

DASH IT ALL!



THE GENERAL: You're a public-school boy, I understand, Fortescue?

FORTESCUE: Yes, Sir; Eton and Oxford. And if it hadn't been for this blanketty-blanketty-blank war I'd have been in Holy Orders by now.

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



THE DALLABY PROCESS.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

WHEN Stella Vibart married Professor Dallaby the world that knew them both raised its eyebrows in amused amazement. For Stella had the delicate beauty of a butterfly, with little more than a butterfly's intellect; while Dallaby was a shaggy giant of fifty, with a scientific reputation that extended to three continents.

The Dallabys had been married nearly a year when they came back from a long tour in the East and established themselves in a roomy modern house in Chelsea. They had various callers, alert to note any change in either. They found Stella, if anything, even more radiantly lovely; and Dallaby, as always, brusque to the point of rudeness, and with his old knack of making ordinary conversation seem as shallow and futile as the twitterings of a bird. Not a few, John Taynham among them, perceived in Mrs. Dallaby a new and subtle charm, so impalpable that it seemed rather a matter of environment than of personality. There had been a time when Taynham had come rather near to caring for Stella, but that was before he had met Ruth West. Ruth had neither beauty nor brilliance—nor, in fact, any of those qualities which are supposed to lure and hold clever men, but from the first Taynham had had no doubts as to his own emotions. And Ruth had accepted him. No shadow of jealousy had spoilt her whole-hearted admiration for Stella's beauty.

"She's going to form a sort of *salon*," she announced to Taynham, discussing the Dallabys' return. "The Professor is willing, and she wants the right people to know and appreciate him."

Taynham laughed.

"Heaven knows what they'll find to talk about, or who'll come."

"Heaps of people, I expect," said Ruth loyally. "I among them—I've promised."

She was right, though the visitors to the house at Chelsea were almost entirely feminine. Precisely what brought them was something of a mystery, for Stella herself did little beyond dispensing China tea and smiling her sweet, vague smile; while the Professor, if he appeared at all, rarely stayed more than a few moments. Taynham, called away to Sheffield on urgent business, heard from Ruth an account of the Dallaby salon which at first amused and then irritated him.

"I called on Saturday," she wrote, "and we sat in a room papered in shimmery mauve, with no pictures, but just a big mirror facing the door. Mrs. Mutimer and Constance Deylin and Janet Abbott were there, and lots of other people I didn't know. No one seemed to have anything to say, least of all Stella. The Professor glanced in, smiled at his wife, bowed to the rest of us, and went out again. It was quite absurd and childish, and yet I find myself looking forward to next Saturday, when I've promised to go again—why, it's difficult to explain."

Taynham also found it difficult to explain. He came home three weeks later with a sense of relief at being in London again, and found her waiting at the terminus to meet him.

Taynham was not a man of particularly keen perceptions, but he was struck by the glow in her cheeks and an unfamiliar crispness of her hair.

"By Jove," he commented, with a genuine thrill of pride, "but you're looking fit, old girl!"

She laughed and flushed.

"Am I?"

"Ripping! Had a holiday?"

"No, except that I haven't done much work lately. I expect the weather's been responsible. I've just loafed about, and shopped, and paid calls. I'm on my way to the Dallabys' now."

Taynham's face revealed his disappointment, though not the faint, absurd twinge of jealousy which moved him.

"But it's Wednesday."

"I've been there rather oftener lately. Come too?"

It did not dovetail in with his programme, but he yielded. At the worst, it would give him an hour or so more of Ruth's society; and, as matters stood at present, he was liable to be called north again at any time.

They took a taxi to the house—"The Pomegranates"—a double-fronted building in a square of impeccable respectability. The front door was ajar, and Ruth made her way in with the air of one thoroughly familiar with her surroundings.

When they entered the big, mauve-papered room, which was separated from the hall by double doors, Mrs. Dallaby was seated

near the window, talking to Janet Abbott. Though Taynham had met her before many times, her beauty to-day smote him almost as a physical shock. But when she raised her eyes at the soft click of the opening door, he was disconcerted afresh. Though she obviously saw him without an effort, her gaze conveyed the effect of blindness. Ruth's voice at his side aroused him to the fact that he was behaving with the *gaucherie* of an ill-mannered boy.

They stayed barely twenty minutes. Afterwards he went back with Ruth to her solitary flat—as a journalist without ties in London, she had a *ménage* of her own—but the walk was almost a silent one. And he had come up with half-a-hundred questions to ask and answer.

In the entrance-hall he stopped. The girl looked up with a sudden start.

"Good-bye," she said listlessly.

"Why on earth do you go to that place?" demanded Taynham, with a gust of impatience.

"Why? To meet entertaining people, I suppose."

"But what do you find to talk about?"

"All sorts of things." She spoke with vague irritation, as though roused from a dream. "At any rate, they're not—dull. Do you know, you haven't spoken half-a-dozen sentences since we left the house?"

"Sorry," said Taynham stiffly. "The fact is, I'm not keen on your visiting the Dallabys at all. The sight of those women sitting about like so many wax-dolls—"

"You don't understand." The girl's voice rose high and vehement. "In that atmosphere of peace and rejuvenation—"

"Who's been telling you that nonsense?" demanded Taynham roughly.

"Stella. She says—"

"Confound Stella! The woman I want to marry isn't the type who—"

She looked up suddenly, and he left the sentence unfinished. Her face was set and steady; only her eyes betrayed emotion. They were like those of a harassed, bewildered child. She slid from her finger the opal-and-diamond ring that had been his gift and laid it in his palm.

Taynham went pale.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, since you feel so. Good-bye."

She stepped quickly into the building, and a moment later he heard the clang of the lift-door.

Taynham went back to his rooms numbed and stupefied. That their engagement was definitely at an end seemed incredible. He waited until the following morning, and then wrote. The letter, re-addressed in Ruth's characteristically clear handwriting, came back unopened by the next post. Taynham endured another twenty-four hours of extreme wretchedness, and then called at the flat. The door was locked, nor could the commissionaire below give him any information about her movements.

"Nothing wrong with Miss West, I suppose?" said Taynham, with a poor attempt at carelessness.

"Never saw the young lady looking better in my life, Sir. I was only saying so last night, she and me being old friends, so to speak."

Taynham went home convinced that malignant influences were at work, and that the Dallabys were at the bottom of the whole thing. On the table was a telegram from his firm in Sheffield. It was virtually a command, and involved an immediate return. He had no valid excuse for declining, and he re-packed his bag and caught a fast train from Marylebone half-an-hour later.

It was late in September when he left; it was November when he returned. In the interval he had heard nothing from Ruth, nor had he written, for his pride had been touched to the quick. He had done his best to keep her out of his thoughts by sheer hard work, and to a limited extent had succeeded. Contracts in connection with a new quick-firing gun, wanted in a hurry by several belligerent Powers, gave him ample scope for mental concentration.

The day he reached London was unmistakably wintry, with a biting wind that made the warmth of his rooms very welcome.

"Any letters?" he inquired.

The landlady nodded.

"One, Sir. It was brought in by a boy yesterday. He said he

[Continued overleaf.]

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picked it up in the road some way from here. I didn't trouble to forward it."

Taynham glanced at the envelope. The address was little more than an illiterate scrawl.

"I'll attend to it presently," he said.

Later, after the assumption of a comfortable coat and slippers, he opened it. Within were two sheets of foolscap and a dusty half-sheet of notepaper.

"I have found these notes in my bag," ran the scrawl across the notepaper, "and I'm going to finish them and throw them out through a broken pane in the window, in the hope that—"

The line ended in an illegible smear. Taynham, with a strange fear clutching at his heart, took up the foolscap.

"Sept. 30" (it began).—"This is to be a record of my visits to 'The Pomegranates.' Since Jack and I quarrelled—I know we must have quarrelled, because I haven't my ring any longer—I shall go there more often. I've already been twice this week. Janet Abbott was there each time, and seemed more dull and stupid than ever.

"Oct. 7 to 20.—I meant to have written these notes regularly, but the days have been little more than a series of visits to the mauve room. I've heard nothing from Jack since he left.

"Oct. 23.—To-day I was at the house earlier than usual. Stella took me aside. Her mood was elated—in fact, almost hysterical. 'My dear,' she said, 'I'm going to tell you a secret—perhaps the biggest secret one woman has ever told another. We've been, and still are, patients of my husband, though no one but I knew it. The walls of the mauve room are coated with a preparation which he calls a "rejuvenating essence." It may sound nonsense, but he's explained to me that the effect upon those who are near is to make them look younger, more beautiful, more—' She flourished those white hands of hers to indicate general charm and attractiveness. I laughed, but it was a foolish laugh, because I think that, even then, I believed her. When I left, I noticed that near the doorway the bright mauve surface was beginning to peel off, and that a sort of luminosity was showing through.

"Oct. 28.—I intended to have gone to 'The Pomegranates' on Tuesday, but felt so dull and stupid that I went yesterday instead. As I was leaving, Stella took me aside and explained the necessity for continuing the process without a break. Her voice sounded curiously weak and far-away.

"Nov. 2.—A note from Deane, of the *Helio*, this morning. He complains that my work lately hasn't been up to standard, and that it's 'too full of inaccuracies' to be of any value.

"I meant to have written a good deal more to-night, but feel too dizzy and tired.

"Nov. 3.—Called this afternoon to tell Stella that I thought of leaving London for a time. She was in her boudoir, looking lovely enough for a spirit. She begged me not to go just yet, as I was the Professor's 'most conspicuously successful case.' I arranged to let her know definitely in a day or so.

"Nov. 5.—Went round to tell Stella that I had decided to spend a week somewhere by the sea. The Professor himself opened the door. He explained that the maids had been given a holiday. He showed me into the mauve room, and went, he said, to fetch Stella. I waited nearly half-an-hour, and then went to the door. It was locked. I shouted—though I knew it was useless, for the room is practically sound-proof—and at last tried the window; but that was double also, and barred. I cannot imagine his object in keeping me prisoner.

"Nov. 6.—I must have slept for some time, for someone has brought food and water into this dreadful shimmering room, and it is broad daylight again.

"Nov. 8.—At last I am beginning to understand . . ."

The writing ended.

Taynham sat staring at it in a trance of horror. A clock in the hall below chimed seven. He thrust the papers into his pocket, put on his coat and hat, and dashed down into the street.

A crawling taxi was passing, and he stopped it.

"'The Pomegranates,' Freyne Square, Chelsea," said Taynham. "Drive as you've never driven before."

He climbed in, and the vehicle shot forward through the darkness. To Taynham—his nerves strained to snapping-point—hours seemed to pass before they stopped.

"Wait outside," he told the man, "until I come back. If you don't see me by the end of half-an-hour, go on to the police-station and come back with a couple of constables and force your way in. Understand?"

The man eyed him none too favourably.

"That's all right, Sir. But in cases o' this sort it's usual to charge double fares."

Taynham, without argument, pushed a sovereign into his hand and made his way up the tiled path to the front door.

He had almost reached it when the Professor appeared in the doorway. Taynham stepped from the shadow into the arc of warm light that came from the hall.

"Can you spare me a moment, Professor?" His voice was so level and commonplace that it surprised himself.

Dallaby made an impatient movement of dissent, and then apparently changed his mind.

"You are Mr.—?"

"Taynham—John Taynham."

"An acquaintance of my wife's, perhaps? You must pardon me, but my memory is lamentably short. So, unfortunately, is the time at my disposal. I have to catch a train which leaves Euston before eight."

"The taxi outside will be at your disposal when I have finished."

The Professor gave one of his deep laughs.

"I need no bribes, Mr. Taynham. I will only beg you to be brief."

He led the way to the mauve room and switched on the light of one of the big electroliers that hung from the ceiling.

"Now then?"

Taynham perceived that the place was empty, and showed no signs of recent occupation. He shut the door with a deliberation which was a trifle overdone, locked it, and slipped the key in his pocket.

"You are keeping Miss West a prisoner here."

The Professor raised his eyebrows.

"She is certainly here. But it is as my wife's guest and at her own desire. Come, come, Mr. Taynham, there is nothing criminal in that. And, if you will pardon my saying so, your attitude is hardly conciliatory. If you have any definite request to make—"

"Take me to her."

Dallaby smiled at him benevolently.

"With the best will in the world I cannot do that, so long as the key of the door is in your possession."

Taynham produced the key.

"Will you give me your word that she has suffered no harm, and that you will allow her to leave this place?"

"I give you my word, Mr. Taynham, that unless you moderate your behaviour very considerably I will see to it that you are installed in a lunatic asylum within the next twenty-four hours. . . . Open the door, and, in the name of common-sense, bring this silly melodrama to an end!"

For an instant Taynham hesitated; then, under the compulsion of that sneering gaze, he unlocked the door and held it open. As the Professor passed he made a sudden movement towards the switch. The room was plunged in darkness, and Taynham received a terrific blow that sent him reeling.

The key fell jangling to the floor, and the fact saved him. He clutched at Dallaby as the latter stooped to recover it, and in the blind struggle that followed the two men fell headlong into the room. Taynham found himself underneath, his head in contact with the kerb of the fireplace. He groped with his left hand, touched the handle of a shovel, and, gripping it, struck fiercely upwards. The grip at his throat relaxed, and the long arms fell back. Taynham stood up and stumbled over to the switch. The light showed Dallaby lying as he had fallen. His eyes followed Taynham's movements, but he did not move.

"Where is she?" demanded Taynham hoarsely.

"Upstairs. But you're a fool to trouble. An hour or so can make no difference."

Taynham went out, locking the door behind him. On the landing he was confronted by two doors. The first he tried was unfastened, and the room empty; the second was locked. He shouted, received no answer, and, after a couple of smashing blows, broke in.

Ruth was lying on the bed, her face like delicately tinted wax, her eyes open, but unseeing. He took her, unresisting, in his arms, his soul wrung with the terror that, after all, he had come too late: then he perceived that she breathed. He carried her down to the hall and out to where the taxicab still waited. He laid her on the seat, and, with a word to the driver, went back to the mauve room.

Dallaby was sitting in a chair, facing the barred and curtained window. He turned his head slowly as Taynham came in.

"You've found her?" he mumbled.

"Yes. What, in God's name, have you done?"

"Merely achieved bodily perfection at the expense of the brain. Even though the price is idiocy and death—"

Taynham shook him frenziedly by the shoulder.

"The antidote, you fiend!"

"If it isn't too late, fresh air . . . and forgetfulness. Stella died yesterday. She is in the room at the end of the corridor. There is always a final flicker of energy—"

Taynham shook him by the sleeve.

"Are there any others here?"

Dallaby shook his head.

"They stopped coming in time. Some instinct may have warned them. Let me sleep."

Taynham, after a moment of indecision, went back to the taxi. The girl's eyes were open. She stared at him dubiously.

"Ruth," he said softly.

She smiled faintly, and her arms went fumblingly about his neck.

In an evening paper of the following day Taynham read of the irreparable loss sustained by Science in the decease, under strangely tragic circumstances, of Professor Eugene Dallaby. Mrs. Dallaby, the paragraph added, was found dead in an upper room of the house at the same time. An inquest was to be held in due course.

THE END.



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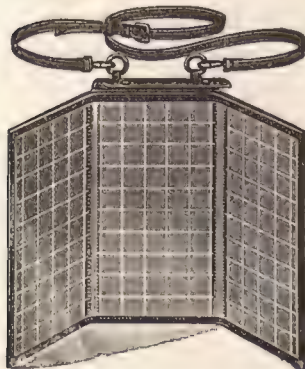


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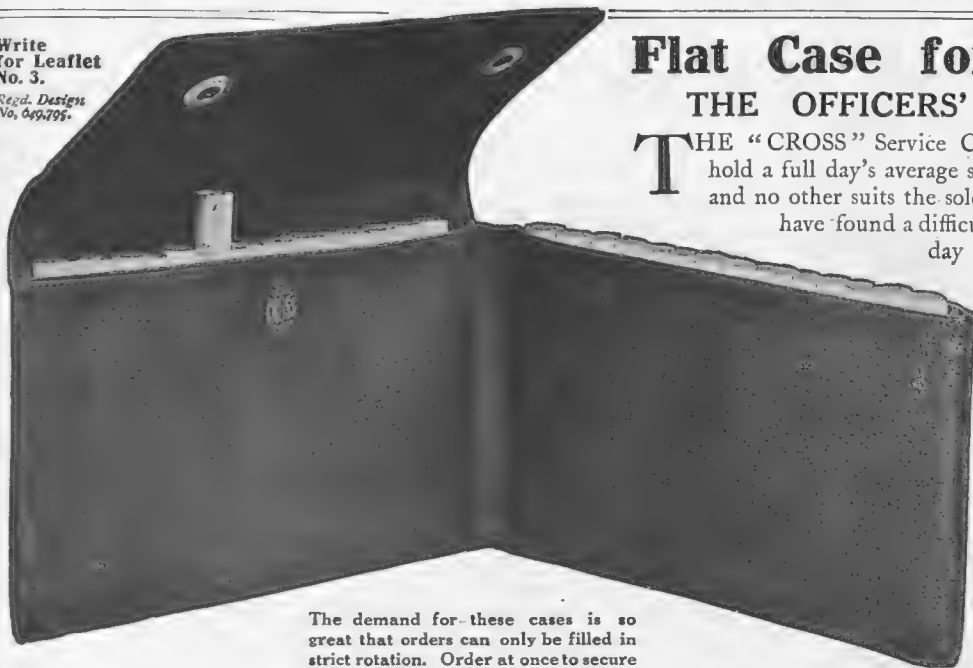
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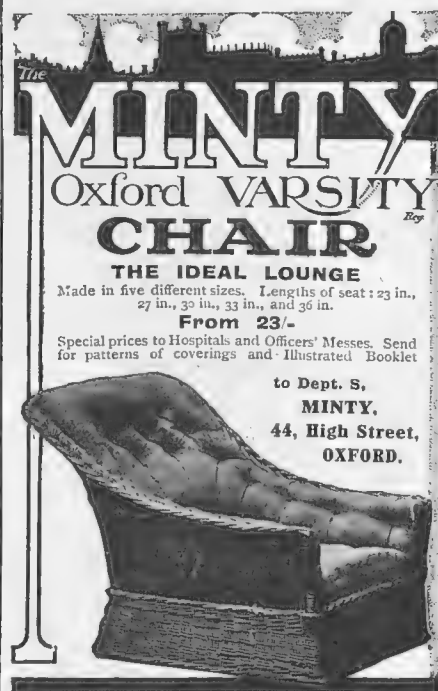
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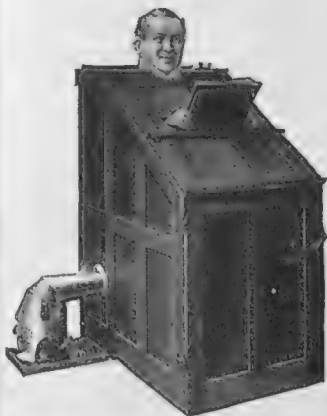
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The Museum Habit.

By the time these lines have passed the Censor it will have been settled if we are to close or not all the London museums and picture-galleries during the war. No one has the slightest idea how long this conflict will continue, and people who light-heartedly gave up cherished habits "until the end of the war" are beginning to wish they had not been so impulsive. London is simply swarming with people, brown with soldiers who represent all the King's Dominions beyond the Seas, not to mention an eager young generation growing up who will presently take our places, and yet it is considered suitable to shut hermetically all our wonderful collections for a quite indefinite period. Just at the moment when we want education in every branch of science and art we must needs bar the public out from access to these things. It is true, of course, that only a limited number of persons have the inveterate "museum habit," spending

their leisure brooding over glass cases or "sorting" the marvellous pictures in our galleries. Cynics, too, declare that our museums are chiefly used by amorists of the middle classes, and the case of the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House is triumphantly cited as having been a rendezvous of the Young Eros for quite a generation. But all this is beside the mark; the question is, Can we afford to suppress anything which inspires and educates? For the schoolboys and girls alone they should be more available than ever, with longer hours on Sundays for our wounded. I see visions, in the near future, when uniforms will be as abundant in London museums and picture-galleries as they have always been in Paris, and when the British workman will take his wife and children on Saturdays and Sundays to South Kensington and Bloomsbury, just as the French *ouvrier* does to the Louvre and the Luxembourg.

Woman the Warlike.

There are no women's names on the leaflet which is being dropped into everybody's letter-box (including those of widows and spinsters) entitled "Shall Britons be Conscripts?" and urging men to resist, "whatever the consequences." These mild-

mannered individuals who refuse "to kill" do not mention that if they do not fight for Britain now they will have to fight (or slave) under the Prussian boot later on. Woman is more logical and refuses to aid, by voice or signature, the shirkers.—ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"I DON'T know what it is, but there seems a *menace* over everything. What can it mean? In all my life I have never had such a strange, strained, tense feeling." Thus wrote Miss Van Vorst to a friend in a letter dated from Paris, July 20, 1914, a few days only before the outbreak of war.

C'est la Guerre.

In less than ten days the vague menace had crystallised into those three wonderful syllables: "C'est la guerre," and she was flying, with her mother, from her pretty home in Paris to a London hotel. Writing here to her brother in New York, she says: "We over here hope that the pulse of America is not too tightly compressed by the thumbs of the Wall Street clique." And the note becomes nearly a refrain by the time the last letter of the volume wistfully remarks: "It may be hard in a way to be in New York just now. I do not know how I shall find it. It seems to me from here that the thirty million Germans have multiplied and multiplied until they rule the spirit of my country." Miss Van Vorst herself is a mixture of French and Dutch, with three hundred years of America behind her, and the warm generosity of her mind finds itself more in touch with the Italian antique-dealer she met just back from fighting in the Alps. Waving his brown hand gracefully over his Venetian chairs, his Genoese velvets, his Florentine and Roman treasures, "Ah, Signora," he declared, "it's a good thing for Italy. It's a good thing for human souls, Signora. Perhaps we will all be poorer in our bank accounts, but every country that is fighting to-day has gone up higher."



TO MARRY MR. GEOFFREY HOPE DAVIES TO-MORROW (THE 10TH): MISS EILEEN DE VILLIERS HART.

Miss Hart is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hart, of Cape Town. Mr. Davies is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Davies, of 1, Duchess Street, Portland Place, W.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

The "Lost Footsteps" of Paris.

Most of the letters come from Paris, where Miss Van Vorst returned very soon; they create a touching picture of her beloved city in its hour of trial. In the hush of her dark streets, in the absence of her men and her 'buses gone forth *là-bas*, with the disappearance of stranger and tourist, Paris has recalled an ancient grace of austerity. "It seems as sacred now as it has always been beautiful." "It seems to have gone back into the dim past"; "Paris is as it must have been centuries ago, left in all its beauty to the night alone." "Paris never so adorable!" One letter recalls to an American friend "the familiar big stone waiting-room of St. Lazare"; now they call it *salle des pas perdus*, "the room of lost footsteps," and she tells another how, coming down from the Arc de Triomphe that morning, she counted thirty-six widows, all but two of them so young that she left off counting to be spared the pain of it.

"Cris de Coeur."

But Miss Van Vorst is no mere *flâneuse*, she has been doing humble and heavy service in the hospital wards, even in that terrible one given over to gangrene. Nothing she writes, from either great capital or Italian *beau séjour*, is so impressive as these letters written in tired moments snatched from her short intervals of rest. They are *cris de cœur* indeed; but like most great reality, never depressing. "There isn't anything in the world like the expressions on the faces of those men when you have relieved their pain by dressing their wounds. . . ." One ward is full of Tommies. . . . "and unless you nurse them and help those English boys, you don't know what they are! They are too lovely and too fine for words." She sketches a group of one ward for her brother in New York: the little village schoolmaster with shrapnel still in his side; a superb Arab with a hand and arm so mutilated that it is dreadful to hold; a gardener from the Midi blinded with shrapnel; a Soudanese with seventy-five wounds, and always the wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths, echo the glorious cry of "*Qui vive? La France quand-même!*"

"War Letters of an American Woman." By Marie Van Vorst. (Bodley Head; 5s.)



AS SHE IS SEEN IN "OH! LA LA!" AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS HETTY KING.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The Coming Modes.

La Mode, are a little exercised about what the creations for the spring will be. Fears are expressed that the creators are pre-occupied and may do careless things with the female form divine! The chief threats seem to be extremes of the wide and floating short skirt, or else a farewell to the freedom of its shortness. The first is the more imminent evil. There are signs of stiffening being introduced to emphasise the flying-out look. A lady, deep in the study of this question, says she will not be made to look like an elderly and *démodée* ballet-girl—elderly, because she has lost the lightness necessary to suggest the part; *démodée*, because no self-respecting lady of the ballet would wear the sad-coloured skirts now alone seen in the streets. However, if she shies at this, yet a worse thing may befall, for the skirts thus ballooned will be lengthened, and then—hey for the crinoline, or at least a first-cousin to it! Women have been shivering in fear of a revival of this instrument of inconvenience for years. Now that the sex is emerging into real importance, it would be just like the male creators of our modes to put us in cages again! Heigh-ho, why don't we create fashions for men?

A Good Complexion on the Matter.

The way of life is to keep the bright side out, so shall we make the best of things. Our own private good complexion is the thing to start with. Do not let us have wrinkled, care and weather worn faces; it is quite easily avoidable, and pleasantly avoidable too, if we use Oatine cream, which is no mere cosmetic, but keeps the skin-pores open, so that they can act as they should do. Penetrating below the pores, this cream tones up the basic matter beneath, which is of the highest importance. The skin can be compared to a piece of silk fastened to the surface of elastic. While the latter is taut and stretched, the silk will be smooth and glossy. If the elastic gives out and becomes effete, the skin becomes wrinkled and saggy. The basic matter represents the elastic, and



SPRING FASHIONS FOR TWO AGES.

A myrtle-green serge dress with embroideries in a darker tone, relieved with a suspicion of dull gold. The child's frock is made of chalk-white cloth, trimmed with black shiny ribbon.

if it is not kept toned and healthy, the skin suffers, like the silk. Oatine is also a thorough skin-cleanser, which can be proved by using it after washing the face. The cloth with which the Oatine is removed will be found to have on it particles of black removed

from the pores. When motoring, golfing, or otherwise occupied in the open, application of Oatine cream will be found to give a delightful feeling of cleanliness and refreshment. It is a splendid thing for children, and an invaluable thing for the hands in these days when they are put to many unwonted tasks. There are numerous other excellent and delightful preparations for the face, hair, teeth, shaving—in fact, all toilet purposes. Oatine jar-holders to take the ordinary 1s. 3d. jar, in embossed white metal, heavily silver-plated, can be secured by sending the coupon of a jar of Oatine and 1s. in stamps, or free for nine similar coupons, to Oatine Company, 215, Oatine Buildings, Borough, S.E. All chemists have the preparations.

Watches to Depend Upon.

Men have always prided themselves on knowing the correct time; women, now that they are in the forefront of business ranks, aspire to do likewise. Well, all who would gain a reputation in this respect should send for the new edition of the Waltham Watch book from the Waltham Watch Department (55), 125, High Holborn, W.C. In it will be found much information and illustrations of these reliable watches, of which the grandfathers of the present generation were wont to say, "You can always rely on a Waltham." Whether a watch be wanted for the wrist or pocket, a Waltham is always satisfactory. The well-known name appears on the plates of the movements, also on the dial. As each watch is guaranteed by the company against any original defect in material or construction as long as you wear the watch, and the guarantee holds good the world over, in any country or any clime, it is really important to insist on a Waltham and see the name. While there is great variety in these watches, the different kinds are standardised in grades, so that each customer knows exactly the points of the watch he is buying. All watchmakers and jewellers sell them; the thing is to be sure they are Walthams.

Off Below, and On Above.

It seems as if Madame la Mode were determined to balance things. The inches taken off the skirts are to be added to the hats. Some of the newest are like tall jam-pots, and as innocent of brim, or nearly so. Although they are high, their floral or ribbon trimming towers higher still. How they are to be navigated safely into the interior of motor-cars and out again will be a nice question in skill. When they are worn in the humble 'bus (now quite a common conveyance to aristocrats and workers) these high hats will meet with disaster when the clutch is let in and taken out with the jerks some drivers indulge in (sometimes, I cannot help thinking, as a practical joke), throwing people haphazard into each other's arms and on to each other's knees. All the same, these new spring hats are rather jaunty, and give opportunity for displaying taste in short hat-pins.

An Occupation Gone.

Mrs. Frank Tennant has no more daughters to marry, so her fine taste in designing beautiful things for weddings will no longer be required in her own family, unless her sons' fiancées, when they have them, call upon it. Her specialty is fine interiors, and there are no mistakes in those of her homes. Her newest son-in-law, Lord Granby, is much in sympathy with her in this matter.



AN ORIGINAL DESIGN CARRIED OUT IN BUFF COLOUR AND BLACK.

A charming costume for spring wear, made of buff-coloured gabardine, edged round the shoulder-cape and skirt with black glacé ruches. A novel muff made of black ostrich-feathers completes the scheme.

NO MORE BUSTLESS AND UNDEVELOPED WOMEN.

HOW TO CREATE 8 oz. TO 1 lb OF FIRM, HEALTHY FLESH UPON BUST, NECK, ARMS, OR SHOULDERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

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Dr. Colonnay, the distinguished physician of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, has at last made public the secret of his latest discovery. All readers of the French medical publications and journals devoted to feminine interests are now familiar with the astonishing results of his unique experiment upon 200 ladies, ranging from 16 to 60 years of age, some of them in the most weakly and anæmic state of health, and all absolutely lacking in bust development. Within five days the rapid growth of new flesh was noticeable in all cases. In three to six weeks busts that were flabby, sagging, and almost non-existent had developed from five inches to eight inches by actual measurement. Convincing statistical evidence shows that in 46 per cent. of the cases patients were compelled to stop treatment within four weeks on account of threatened over-development.



Keep this picture and see your own bust undergoing the same marvellous transformation.

Dr. Colonnay was the first to discover that various medicines, nostrums, prescriptions, dieting, apparatus, appliances, greasy creams, massage, and other expensive advertised methods always fail because they overlook the basic fact that the mammary glands of the bust are the only organs which lie idle the greater part of a woman's lifetime, hence they can never be developed like muscles.

A full description of just how this triumph of modern science causes new, firm and healthy tissue to be created at will, and just why its stimulating action is exerted only upon the bust, neck, shoulders or arms, but never upon abdomen, hips, or other parts of the body, would require more space than is available for this special article, but arrangements have just been made whereby readers of *The Sketch* are enabled to obtain all necessary particulars by promptly using coupon below. There is no charge for this, but, if convenient, two penny stamps may be enclosed for posting expenses.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Readers are particularly cautioned not to use this new method where more flesh is not desired, as the enlargement, when once produced, is absolutely permanent and cannot be reduced afterwards. It is usually advisable to stop treatment about three days before the bust attains the exact size and firmness desired, as the stimulating effect may continue for two or three days, but never longer.

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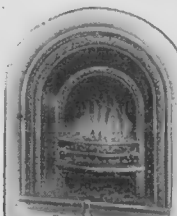
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A "DERANGEMENT OF EPITAPHS": THE MUNIFICENCE OF MOTORISTS.

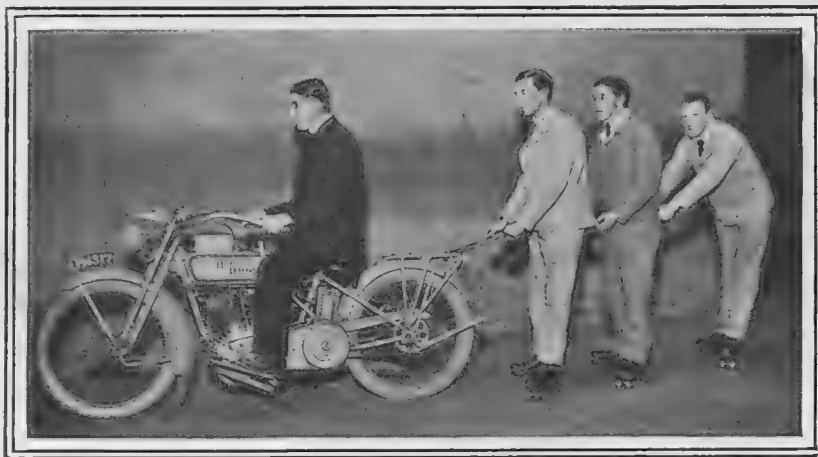
"A Nice Camisole."

Doing men's work is not without its compensations at times, if humorous incidents are any reward for the labour of handling heavy cars. A day or two ago a lady driver of my acquaintance doffed her coat and scarf, preparatory to setting to work, and in doing so revealed a particularly fine cameo brooch, which was, of course, a family heirloom. "Lor, Miss," ejaculated a chauffeur standing by, "that's a nice camisole!" The scarf had promptly to be applied by its owner to an unwonted purpose in the endeavour to choke back the sound of her convulsive laughter. In another case, however, the laugh was against the fair lady herself. She had been cleaning down the car, and had got her shoes very wet in the process. Happy thought! Why not stuff them under the bonnet up against the warm exhaust-pipe? Action followed the thought, and the car was then locked up for the night. Next morning the lady had occasion to hurry off to a show-room not a hundred miles from Charing Cross, and on arrival asked a friend to come out and have a look at the engine. He did so, and up went the bonnet-flap for his benefit. Tableau! Out tumbled the shoes, which had been forgotten, and were now burnt through and through. Perhaps the lady is now congratulating herself upon the fact that they were only shoes, and not something more characteristically feminine—say, a camisole!

Poor Petrol.

It may be only coincidence, but the fact remains that there never was such a time as now in motoring history for the display of carburettor troubles. Day after day I meet with cases of choked jets, "popping," and other annoyances, to an extraordinary degree. Most of the drivers concerned blame the petrol, and, be that as it may, there has certainly been more sediment than usual, to say nothing of chips of paint from badly finished cans. I have handled quite a number of tins from which the paint came off on to my hands as I was replenishing my tank, and in one case the paint was quite wet. It behoves all owner-drivers and chauffeurs, therefore, to be more than usually careful when filling up, and also to inspect their carburettors frequently. I hear, too, that, in spite of all that is said from time to time as to there being "no difference" between first and second quality spirit, some drivers

much needless suffering to the wounded in the case of ambulances, the drivers of which, owing to their inability to avoid "potholes," loose stones, and other causes of jolting, have been unable to make their allotted journeys with the minimum of discomfort to their charges. The Automobile Association recently communicated, accordingly, with the Home Office on the subject, and has now received an intimation that arrangements have been made for the competent military authorities to allow vehicles employed for the conveyance



CONVALESCENT TOMMIES TOWED BY A MOTOR-CYCLE: MR. LEON MEREDITH'S NOVEL GAME AT THE CRICKLEWOOD SKATING-RINK.

By way, among others, of doing his "bit" for the country, Mr. Leon Meredith, the celebrated world's cycling champion, has devised a novel and much-appreciated method for entertaining convalescent soldiers. Inviting them to be his guests, he takes them for runs about and round the rink on roller-skates, in tow of his motor-cycle—a pastime the men greatly like.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

of wounded to carry lights in excess of those prescribed by the lighting order.

A Record of Good Work.

Few people, by the way, have any idea of the colossal amount of benevolent work that is being daily carried on by motorists as individuals or by organised societies.

When any figures are forthcoming, therefore, from any cause, they are all the more welcome as giving tangible proof of what is being done. The Automobile Association, for example, ever since the outbreak of war has organised extensive services of motor-ambulances for "cot cases" and of ordinary cars for "sitting-up cases," to meet convoys of wounded arriving at the railway stations and transport them to hospitals. In Birmingham alone, to take a case in point, the Association and the Midland Automobile Club dealt with 90,000 cases up to the end of last year; while 12,000 cases were handled during the same period at Cardiff. All this, moreover, is done entirely without expense to the Government. Even these figures, however, would be far outshadowed, if the details were available to date, by the Hampshire Automobile Club, which has literally done marvels in the way of the transport of wounded soldiers.



A HOSPITAL ON WHEELS: IN THE KITCHEN-COACH OF A FRENCH RED CROSS TRAIN.

Our own ambulance and Red Cross train-services are admittedly of the first order in all-round efficiency, but they are well matched by the corresponding services in France, both in management and in general arrangement. A striking example of the completeness of the French Red Cross train equipment is given in the above illustration. The nursing staff of the organisation comprises many ladies of the highest social standing.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

find it impossible to use the cheaper grades without their engines "knocking" badly.

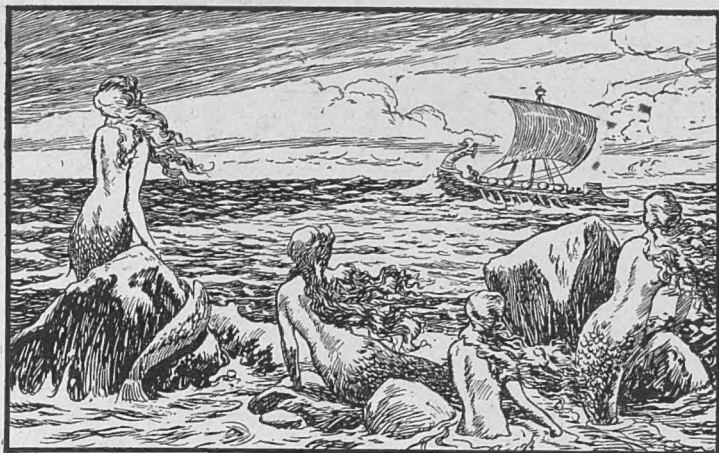
The Transport of Wounded.

More than once I have referred with regret in these columns to the fact that the lighting restrictions have had a limiting effect upon the supply of motor vehicles for hospital work, as the majority of owners now deem it safe to use their cars by daylight only. The absence of headlights, however, has been proved to be the cause of

work for the War Office or Admiralty. I think, however, that it is more than probable that this will not always prove to be the case, and that in some instances it may be found that there has been little or no increase in profits, although there may, perhaps, have been in the amount of work done. There has, of course, been little doing in the way of sales, except for the needs of the war, and war work may involve abnormal expenses, thus counteracting, or discounting, the monetary benefit which might otherwise accrue.

The War and Balance-Sheets.

There are those, no doubt, who suppose that the motor industry, though diverted from its ordinary routine, is nevertheless piling up huge profits in the making of munitions, or by means of other



A WARNING.

QUALITY is a more important consideration than price. The Buick has never been the cheapest Car in its class; the aim of the Manufacturers has been to produce the best Motor-Car investment that can be obtained, and the Buick "Six," with its wonderful valve-in-head motor, can justly be said to fulfil this aspiration. The specification, including Delco self-starter, electric light, vacuum petrol feed, cantilever springs, helical gearing, full floating back axle, &c., &c., is quite extraordinary, and the beautiful running of the car has to be experienced to be believed.

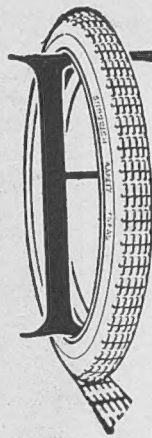
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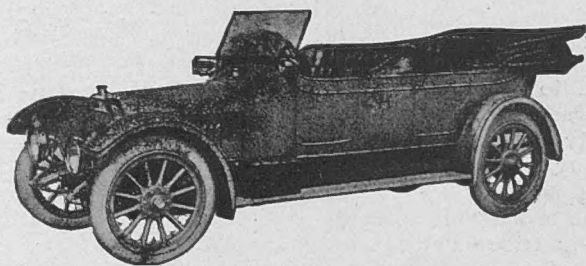
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BEST IN THE LONG RUN.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT seems questionable whether our Australian cousins—or should I say brothers?—will feel quite flattered at finding “Mrs. Pretty and the Premier” described as “a comic play of Australian life.” They may not object to the assumption that everybody calls the Premier “Bill,” or that he is quite unscrupulous in his patronage (I don’t know about that), but will hardly like to see him painted as such a fool as William Power, and may not relish the picture of the Leader of the Opposition and the proprietors of an important journal as political blackmailers. However, the people whose children have been fighting so splendidly in the Great War will probably laugh at the indiscretion, realising that the piece is only a farce and the talk about Australia merely a joke. For the work of Mr. Adams is but a somewhat unskilful farce of a well-known type, whose chief novelty is the business connected with the division bell in the last act. Still, it must not be imagined that the new play at His Majesty’s is dull; no doubt the intrigue is thin and the dialogue is of no great wit, but it ambles along with some entertaining scenes better suited to a smaller stage, and the author has a gift for presenting good acting parts and handling familiar situations effectively. Moreover, the central figure is a bluff, rough misogynist who falls in love without knowing it, and is irresistible to women for reasons undiscoverable, and such a character has long been popular on the stage, and suits the methods of Mr. Bouchier perfectly. I don’t suppose that he uses anything like the accent of “Bill,” but he holds the stage and the house, and gets all the humour out of the part. Miss Kyrle Bellew is the attractive Mrs. Pretty, and acts cleverly, if, now and then, in a somewhat artificial way, and she wears wonderful and quaintly interesting frocks; still, her acting is somewhat lacking in subtlety, which is a misfortune. Mr. Norman Page, if a little too farcical, is amusing as the secretary who suddenly falls in love with the lady typist; and her part was cleverly played by Miss Molly Terraine, who, I fancy, is new to London. There was quite an excellent performance by Mr. Murray Carrington as the Leader of the Opposition; and Mr. Bunston acted the First Whip very well. What chiefly affected me about the whole affair was the apparent lack of local colour.

“Please Help Emily,” the new farce at the Playhouse, is quite a tremendous affair—a farce in three acts, which began at about eight-thirty on the first night and lasted till close upon a quarter past eleven. It has some funny scenes, but the actual intrigue is rather thin, and worked out with events of extravagant improbability. A pity, for the author, Mr. Harwood, shows real cleverness, and has had a remarkable cast given to him for his work. The essential trouble is that the play lacks anything like a crescendo, and is flooded with talk, some of it amusing, some not. Moreover, for the character of Emily, on whom the play hangs, one needs an

actress with a good deal of “lift,” and remarkable for downright comic power, and Miss Gladys Cooper—who showed skill, and played some scenes charmingly—is apparently now and then a little overweighted in her latest task. Is it not rather a pity, in a new farce, to have comic scenes supposed to have taken place at Ostend, now one of the sad cities of the world?—but, throughout, delicacy of feeling is not the keynote of the piece. There is some really excellent acting, notably by Mr. H. R. Hignett as an invaluable valet with a precious smoothness in lying which made Mr. Charles Hawtrey’s fibs in a more important part seem rather clumsy. However, “Charley” thoroughly amused the house in his characteristic way, and Mr. Nigel Playfair was comic. There were excellent studies of foreigners by Messrs. Jules Delacre and Georges de Warfaaz. Also we had Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. Nigel Playfair acting cleverly; and Mr. Eric Lewis, who would have been quite funny but that his comic speeches came very late in the evening. Of course, Miss Lottie Venne caused hearty laughter, and Miss Helen Haye acted with much energy and skill; whilst Mr. Paul Arthur, who disappeared after the first act, played excellently as an American. The difficulty is for any dramatist to employ usefully such a number of clever people in a play that is essentially a farce of intrigue and not character. Mr. Harwood scarcely shows the technical power necessary to overcome the difficulty—and, after all, I have forgotten to say that Miss Elizabeth Kirby played charmingly with quiet humour as the wife of a High Court Judge.

So “The Spanish Main,” despite its valuable title and many other advantages, failed to struggle against the fact that the plot and its conduct outraged common-sense too severely for West End audiences, which seem steadily to grow a little more exacting in their demand for plausibility. Wherefore “The Taming of the Shrew” is taking its place at the Apollo. Some day the Suffragettes will create trouble at a revival of this anti-female-suffrage farce; at present there is a truce, and the males can go and chuckle over Petruchio’s brutal way of subduing the lady whom he married for the sake of her dowry. And Mr. Oscar Asche exactly fills the bill with his vivid picture of the rousing bully, and plays with immense gusto and ample comic force. As an old playgoer, I prefer the intellectual method of John Drew, whose taming of Ada Rehan, the greatest of all Katharines, did not seem to be based upon muscular power. However, the present Petruchio is quite a brilliant piece of work. I think it a great pity that Mr. Asche should double the part with that of Christopher Sly: a *tour de force* of this kind, however skilful, inevitably tends to destroy the verisimilitude of the piece. The Katharine of Miss Lily Brayton is a strong, rich piece of acting, perhaps a trifle exuberant here and there, but she has the whirling energy necessary for the queer old farce. The Grumio of Mr. Randle Ayrton was quite excellent; and the rest of the company render valuable service.



A SERBIAN GIRL WHO IS A SERGEANT IN HER COUNTRY’S ARMY: SLAVKA TOMITCH.

Slavka Tomitch, who is eighteen, has been a Serbian soldier for two years. She was wounded last year, but is now on duty again.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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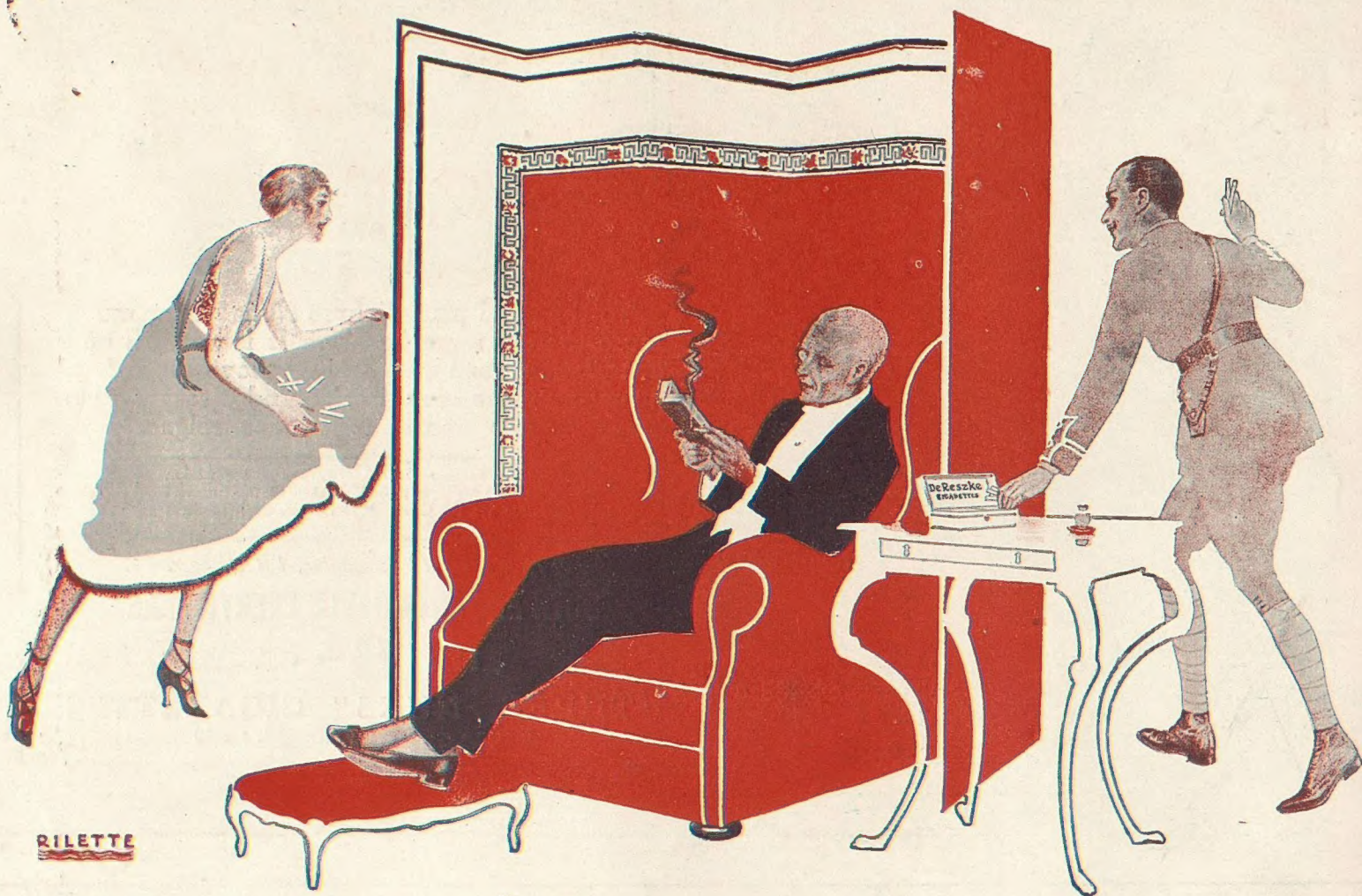
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RILETTE

"Age and Youth"

"DE RESZKE" ROUNDELS

I

The Ancient to a "De Reszke" Cigarette

With you and book in easy chair—
An ancient in an ingle nook—
I welcome wit and mask Old Care
With you and book.

The others, young and brave and fair,
May spare us just a hasty look
And lightly scorn our letter'd ware.

Fine eyes are won by those who dare ;

Fine gold is gained by hook or crook :
Close lie true joys in favoured lair
With you and book.

II

The Others in Passing

"De Reszke" Cigarette and you
Are lively with your *chansonnette*.

We poise to praise, as we pass through,
The Cigarette.

We love your cloud of smoky blue,
Although our hearts on joys are set
Different from those that you review.

Heigh-ho, Youth's revel's always new,
The fun of boys and gay *fillettes*,
Time to enjoy, 'mid light adieux,
The Cigarette.

EGAN MEW



Fine eyes are won by those who dare



"De Reszke" Cigarette and you



We love your cloud of smoky blue



Heigh-ho, Youth's revel's always new

